

The Arwing's Shielding

by JamesColbert

Category: Halo, Star Fox

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Fox M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-03-07 03:20:11

Updated: 2012-03-13 05:27:39

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:10:07

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,388

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The Covenant has arrived at Corneria, and with only a single ship to combat them, the UNSC has to call upon Star Fox and their allies to battle the alien army. But can the two teams trust each other? Rated M for Violence and Language

1. Chapter 1

Hey, JamesColbert here! I came up with an idea for a story after reading a fanfic by a good friend of mine, BrokenSoldier.

Basically Halo meets Star Fox. Cool, eh?

Time: during the events of Halo: Combat Evolved

Oh, BTW, I own NOTHING, excluding any OC's.

Halo: The Lylat System

Chapter I: The Cole Protocol

[Classified Material: High-Ranking Personnel Eyes-only]

ONI SECTOR_3 MEMBERS ONLY.

CLEARANCE PERMITTED. CONTINUE TRANSMISSION: Y/N?

Yes

No

BEGIN TRANSMISSION

The UNSC prowler-class ship, Connecticut, barely made it off Titan in time. It left the relatively small moon of Jupiter (comparatively to the planet, anyway) as it was being glassed.

"We can't let these Covenant bastards know how close they are to Earth!" shouted Captain Martin Scott Jamerson, who was, as usual, on deck in his chair, full uniform, watch on his right wrist, as he was a leftie.

He was a fairly tall man, standing at about 6' 5". He was young, straight out of training. He graduated only two months ago as a Private, but remarkably quickly rose in rank. He was somewhat thin, but nowhere near unhealthy.

He had thin, red hair, Irish descent. He always followed his orders to the letter, not caring what that took.

He was very young as well, at only 19. He was the youngest Commanding Officer (or CO) in UNSC history.

"Sir, would you like me to initiate the Cole Protocol?" asked the ship's onboard AI, Reeba. She had a cool, pleasant voice that betrayed none of the stress of running the whole ship.

Jamerson knew what that meant. The Cole Protocol stated that whenever a UNSC ship, especially a small one like his, was going to be captured; it was to do one of two things.

Take a randomized slipspace jump AWAY from Earth and the other Inner Colonies, or self-destruct.

'Let's hope it doesn't come to number two,' he thought.

"Sir?" asked the AI again.

"Yes," he said with a heavy heart.

'So close to home, but yet so damn far!'

They jumped, only to have a covenant super-carrier in pursuit.

'Damn it. We're screwed.'

The super-carrier brought friends. Two corvettes.

They were in slipspace, so until they exited, there would be no fighting.

"Well, if anyone needs me, tell them I'm in cryo," said the officer, leaving the bridge.

"Will do, sir," said Reeba.

Lylat System, 5 months later.

"Wake up, Capt. Jamerson, we will be exiting slipspace in two hours, forty-five minutes," said the Artificial Intelligence.

"Thank you, Reeba. That will be all for now," said Jamerson, spitting out the nasty residue that was the by-product of cryosleep.

'Screw ONI, that stuff tastes like shit.' he thought.

He got out of the tube and put on his uniform, as when in cryosleep, you can't wear anything, lest it freeze to your skin permanently.

He checked his watch; it read 13:37 05/02/2552.

'Damn, 5 months asleep? I missed New Year's Day! Wonder what else I missed.'

Bridge of Connecticut, 15 minutes later

"Sir, we're receiving a transmission, not sure who it's from... Doesn't match anything from the UNSC or Covenant..."

Said Private Andy Sherman Richards, the communications specialist.

He was not very high in rank, nor in age, either. He and Jamerson graduated together from basic training.

He actually was assigned to a smaller ship that had to leave Earth early to go to Reach. He never got the memo.

That ship's name was the Pillar of Autumn.

Jamerson found him and took him aboard, as his old comms officer died in the attack on Titan, where Richards was reassigned by the brass back on Earth.

He was somewhat short, standing at only 5'6", but that never stopped him. He had blonde hair, one green eye, and one blue eye.

"Patch it through," said Jamerson,

"Could be Rebels."

"Aye, sir," said Richards, using the ship's massive onboard supercomputer to decrypt it, "Hold on."

"Better hurry, here come our friends!" said Jamerson, noticing another slipspace hole opening about 30 miles back behind them.

"How are they so accurate with those?" asked a marine.

"Hell if I know, I'm a soldier, not an engineer," said an Orbital Drop Shock Trooper, or ODST.

The transmission came on, audio only at first.

"Slippy, we on?" asked Fox McCloud, leader of team Starfox, but no one on the Connecticut knew that.

If you need a description of anyone on Team Starfox, go Google them, or play the games.

"Yes, sir!" said Slippy Toad, annoyingly happy as ever.

"Attention, unidentified warship. This is Starfox team of Corneria; we are ordering you to land under orders from General Pepper."

"Sir, visual contact established with three, repeat, three fighters,

unknown origin or affiliation. Definitely not Rebels, UNSC, Covenant, OR Forerunner," said Richards.

"Then who the hell are they?" said Jamerson.

"Longswords report ready to launch. Pelicans 95% ready, Shortswords and Sabers both at 83% readiness," said Reeba, "Shivas loaded, along with Hydras, our only MAC, and all .75 cal's.

"Wait, let's see where diplomacy gets us," said the Irishman, "Richards, get us a video with our audio, Reeba, incase diplomacy fails, get locks on all unidentified fighters."

"Aye, sir," they said in unison.

The video came on, displaying the three members of Starfox currently in-air: Fox, Slippy, and Falco Lombardi.

"What the hell? Who the hell are you?" asked Jamerson, now thoroughly scared.

"Calm down... Eh... Whatever you are. Who are you?" asked Fox, equally stunned when he saw Jamerson on his screen.

"This is Captain Martin Jamerson, in charge of UNSC Prowler-class stealth warship, the Connecticut. We are on the run from Covenant forces and would appreciate any help we can get!"

"How do we know we can trust you?" asked Falco.

"You don't. But you have two options: help us, and go against three massive warships, the smallest twice the size of ours with one on your side, or go against four with NO support. So, gentlemen, which will it be?" was Jamerson's reply.

TRANSMISSION INTERRUPTED.

DECRYPTING...

2. Chapter 2

JC here! I don't know if anyone knows this, but I've written EVERYTHING I've put on on a iPhone's onscreen keyboard.

Impressive, eh?

You probably know this, but I own none of the series; Halo, Red vs. Blue, or Starfox.

Too bad...

BTW I owe the OC Four-Seven-Niner to Rooster Teeth Productions' Burnie Burns, I owe Halo to Microsoft, Bungie, and 343 Industries, and I owe Starfox to Nintendo.

Also, 1/2 of this was written in Florida!

I'm on vacation from my home in Tennessee.

BS: Hey! Be reminded I'm the one that's editing your chapters!

Chapter 2: The Elite, The Fox, and the Pilot.

FILE DECRYPTED

FILE READS AS FOLLOWS:

CONTINUING TRANSMISSION:

"So, gentlemen, which will it be?" was Jamerson's reply.

"Fine, let's listen to them for now... We don't have much of a choice..." said Falco grudgingly.

"Reeba, retarget. Turn the ship around 178 degrees. Target the super-carrier with everything. Release all fully ready Sabers, Longswords, and Shortswords. Save the pelicans as a last resort," ordered Jamerson, nervously twirling his old-fashioned ballpoint ink pen.

"Aye, sir; firing main cannon," said Reeba, the large thrusters of the ship turning it to face the deadly Covenant Super-carrier, the Warring Soul, dead on.

The MAC round fired, thrusting forward in a brief flash of light as it dissipated the Super-carrier's shields. 3 Shiva nuclear warheads fired, destroying most of the lower decks of the ship while burning atmosphere vented.

The ship, however, was fully operational.

"What was that?" asked Fox, watching the huge explosions go off.

"Atomic weapons," responded the Connecticut's resident AI.

The lateral plasma lines began to heat up.

The Warring Soul fired a wave of plasma that was fully controllable by the bridge crew of the ship.

Bridge of the Warring Soul

The Sangheli Fleetmaster, Shanse 'Varo, watched from the bridge, the lower decks had burned out, as all oxygen was gone.

All around her (yes, a female Elite, get over it) Unggoy ran around screaming things like "We're gonna die!" in their high-pitched, guttural language.

"Calm down, worms!" she said, angered at her crew for so easily freaking out, "You, Kig-Yar!"

"Yes, Ma'am?" responded the avian. (Again, for descriptions, use Google or play Halo)

"Make sure the plasma hits the tiny ship!" ordered the seven-foot-tall, lizard like creature.

Sangheli, or Elites, as Humans usually call them, were a very tall, fast, and above all, strong species. Some, like the current Arbiter, leader of all Elites militarily and religiously, were as strong, if not stronger, than a SPARTAN-II, seeing as they were typically their killers.

They had a split jaw that had four mandibles, momentarily clicking together in the alien's thoughts. They were the Prophet's personal guards, and the best warriors the Covenant had.

"Aye, Ma'am!" responded the Kig-Yar (or Jackal to UNSC personnel).

Bridge of UNSC Connecticut

"Reeba, try and pull a Keyes Loop. See if we can't use the plasma to our advantage!"

A Keyes Loop, named for Captain Jacob Keyes, father of Amanda Keyes and Captain of the Pillar of Autumn, was a very complicated maneuver in which the UNSC ship dodged the plasma, waited for it to turn around to come back at them, then flew towards the Covenant ship, turning or pulling up at the last second, while the plasma wave hit the ship.

"Sir, reactors already at 89% capacity. This will push them to 110%."

"I realize that, Reeba, but we're out of options. The reactors can do up to 150% for 5 minutes," replied Jamerson, "Do it."

"Aye, sir," she said, the melancholy creeping into her voice.

The ship's maneuvering thrusters fired, the wave of white-hot plasma barely missing, and actually warping a few panels of armor on the underside.

'So far, so good,' thought Richards. He may have been inexperienced, but he knew what a Keyes Loop was; it was easy; the first thing they thought. Everyone in the damn UNSC knew it.

Fox's Arwing

'What are those crazy things doing?' thought Fox, not knowing what a human was.

"Lookout, Fox! You've got incoming Banshees and Seraphs to your position," Fox heard Reeba say over an open TEAMCOM channel.

And there they were. Thousands of them. They seemed to swarm out of the Covenant ships like they were being manufactured at hyper-speed, leaving a flood of jet trails behind them while their pilots armed the weapons inside.

"We are scrambling fighters to assist you!" said Jamerson over TEAMCOM, having to yell to be heard over various alarms going off on the bridge.

A Longsword flew by. It was about 3 times the size of Fox's Arwing,

jetting towards the battlefield while the sound of jet engines burst through the limited (or existent) sound waves of space.

"I'm hit! I'm hit! Going down! Mayday, mayday!" Fox heard Slippy yell, his now useless and burning fighter falling towards the planet below.

"Jamerson, you've gotta help him, if he dies, we're without a mechanic!" yelled Falco over TEAMCOM, panic creeping into his voice gradually.

"Solid copy. Tell him to eject in-atmosphere. Trust me. We've got it from there," said Jamerson, calm as ever.

"This is Pelican Four-Seven-Niner, we're inbound. We got it from here."

Fox watched in amazement as the Connecticut pulled up at the last second, scraping its lowest decks clean off.

The wave hit, searing the hull. It began to bubble, melt, and even vaporize.

The Warring Soul's escape pods fired, along with all of its Phantoms, Spirits, Banshees, and Seraphs.

The ship blew up; its main plasma core was breached by the suicidal plasma wave.

UNSC Pelican 479

"Bail out! We've reached atmosphere!"

Slippy bailed, his now-useless Arwing fell to the planet, exploding on impact.

"ODSTs, you are cleared to jump!"

The three ODST soldiers jumped out of the back, each wearing a jetpack, to use as an improvised parachute or to maneuver in-air.

'ODSTs with jetpacks. Now where have I seen THAT before?' thought Four-Seven, remembering her time working as the pilot for Project Freelancer.

One of the ODSTs caught Slippy just in time, inches from the ground.

"Ok, that was TOO close," said the soldier.

"We're not outta this yet! More of those Arwing things inbound!" said another.

"Stop! We will open fire! This is the Cornerian air force! Release the toad back to us NOW!" Was heard over TEAMCOM.

"Everyone onboard, let's get the hell outta here!" said the last ODST.

"On it." said Four-Seven.

The Arwings fired. The Pelican dodged, doing an inside loop.

"Don't fire! They're friendly! They're trying to help Slippy!" said Fox over the radio.

"Standing down, sir." responded the pilot.

Escape pod en route to Cornea

Shanse hated escape pods. They were small, dimly lit, and cramped.

She, a Kig-Yar male named Tarnee, and a Huragok whose name was unknown, as they are mute, were all in one together.

"Brace for impact!" said the five-foot tall avian.

Cornerian Hangar

"Son of a..." said a mechanic, seeing the purple ball of flame hurling towards him.

He was obliterated in the crash.

Shanse was the first out, a plasma rifle at the ready, energy sword on her belt.

A pilot stepped out, a Beagle, weapon drawn.

"What the...?"

She fired.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!" he screamed, the bolt hitting him square in the chest. He dropped the gun.

His ribcage was melted, his fur gone or on fire, and no skin was left.

The Kig-Yar came out.

Peppy Hare stepped out from around a corner, hearing all of the commotion.

A shot from Tarnee's plasma pistol to the foot solved the problem, giving them a hostage.

"Well boys, looks like we got ourselves a new friend," said the Sangheli, drawing her energy sword.

"No, please!" said the Rabbit.

"Too late."

DATA FILE CORRUPTED

RESETTING FIRMWARE...

[110324658790604073323_FG32=TDE7S-3343]

FILE RESET...

CONTINUING...

End
file.